And plucke the mangled *Tibalt* from his ſhrowde,
And in this rage, with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As with a club daſh out my deſperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I ſee my Cozins Ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his body
Vpon a Rapiers point: ſtay *Tibalt* ſtay;
*Romeo, Romeo, Romeo*, heres drinke, I drinke to thee.

*Enter Lady of the houſe and Nurſe.*

*La.* Hold, take theſe keyes, and fetch more ſpices *Nurſe.*
*Nur.* They call for Dates and Quinces in the Paſtric.

*Enter old* Capulet.

*Ca.* Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond Cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew Bell hath roung, tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for coſt.
*Nur.* Goe you Cot-queane, goe,
Get you to bed, faith youle be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
*Ca.* No not a whit, what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for leſſe cauſe, and nere beene ſicke.
*La.* I you haue bin a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.

*Exit* Lady *and* Nurſe.

*Ca.* A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

*Enter three or foure with ſpits and logs and baskets.*

*Fel.* Things for the Cooke ſir, but I know not what.
*Ca.* Make haſte, make haſte ſirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
*Fel.* I haue a head ſir, that will find out Logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
*Ca.* Maſſe and well ſaid, a merrie horſon, ha,
Thou ſhalt be Loggerhead; good faith tis day.

*Play Muſicke.*

The Countie will be here with muſicke ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would, I heare him neere.
Nurſe, wife, what ho, what *Nurſe* I ſay?

*Enter* Nurſe.

Goe waken *Iuliet*, goe and trim her vp,

Ile



Ile goe and chat with *Paris*, h
Make haſte, the Bridegroome
I ſay.
*Nur.* Miſtris, what Miſtris
Why Lambe, why Ladie, fie y
Why Loue I ſay, Madam, ſwe
What not a word, you take y
Sleepe for a weeke, for the nex
The Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp
That you ſhall reſt but little, G
Marrie and Amen: how ſound
I muſt needs wake her: Madam
I, let the Countie take you in y
Heele fright you vp yfaith, wil
What dreſt, and in your clothe
I muſt needs wake you, Lady, L
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my La
Oh weladay, that euer I was bo
Some *Aqua-vitæ* ho, my Lord,
*Mo.* What noyſe is heere?
*Nur.* O lamentable day.
*Mo.* What is the matter?
*Nur.* Looke, looke, oh heau
*Mo.* O me, O me, my child, m
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will dye w
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

*Enter* F

*Fa.* For ſhame bring *Iuliet* fo
*Nur.* She's dead: deceaſt, ſhe's
*Mo.* Alack the day, ſhe's dead,
*Fa.* Hah, let me ſee her, out al
Her bloud is ſetled and her ioynt
Life and theſe lips haue long beer
Death lyes on her like an vntimel
Vpon the ſweeteſt flower of all t
*Nur.* O lamentable day.
*Mo.* O wofull time.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34